Wife.

O Husband! consider you should be contente,
And not at you Fortune Repine or Repent;
Since I go abroad with a Neighbour at Hand,
Tho' the more I perform the Cuc—Colder are you.

Husb.] Well, my sweet Wife, though my fortune is hard,
More Fuel to warm me must quickly be had;
Or else whilst with neighbours abroad you do gad,
I still shall come home more Cuc—Colder and sad.

Wife.

Consider some way then, and sell not our Cow,
For she gives us Milk to support us, you know;
And makes you a Pollet, and other good Cheat,
To comfort your heart when Cuc—Cold you appear.

Husb.] If Colly be kept, then I must sell my Sheep,
For we a good Fire and warm Victuals must keep;
Since, in troth, many times I am ready to weep,
To think how Cuc—Cold in my Bed I do sleep.

Wife.

I'le get you more Blankets that grief to Remove,
Then prithee dear Husband, your Sorrow suppress,
I'le buy you, and kiss you, and ease you of care,
Till your shall forget how Cuc—Cold you now are.

Husb.] Alas! my dear Wife, I fear 'ill will not do,
The pain in my Fore-head such Bumbs makes to grow,
That the more I do strive, the sad grief to forego,
I still the Cuc—Colder to all Men do show.

Wife.

I'le get you a Plaister shall make 'um to shrink,
And when I apply it you always must wink;
A Doctor I know that will do you the Grace,
That you your Cuc—Coldness shall ever out-face.

Husb.] And tho' that be done, what is it to me,
Or had I a Night-Cap that none might 'em see;
Yet I am the same still in every Degree,
I still as Cuc—Cold as I ever shall be.

Wife.

Come, come be contented, as many more are,
Who catch the same Cold, yet their Fuel do spare;
He's a Fool that repines at what can't be reliev'd,
Be glad you no more are Cuc—Cold then the rest.

Husb.] O Wife, how I scratch at the Story you tell
For tho' you in Cunning do many excell;
Yet troth 'tis too hard, though we gain by it well,
For ever, for ever, Cuc—Coldly to Dwell.

FINIS.

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